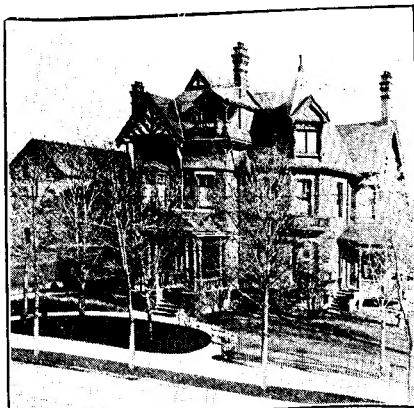


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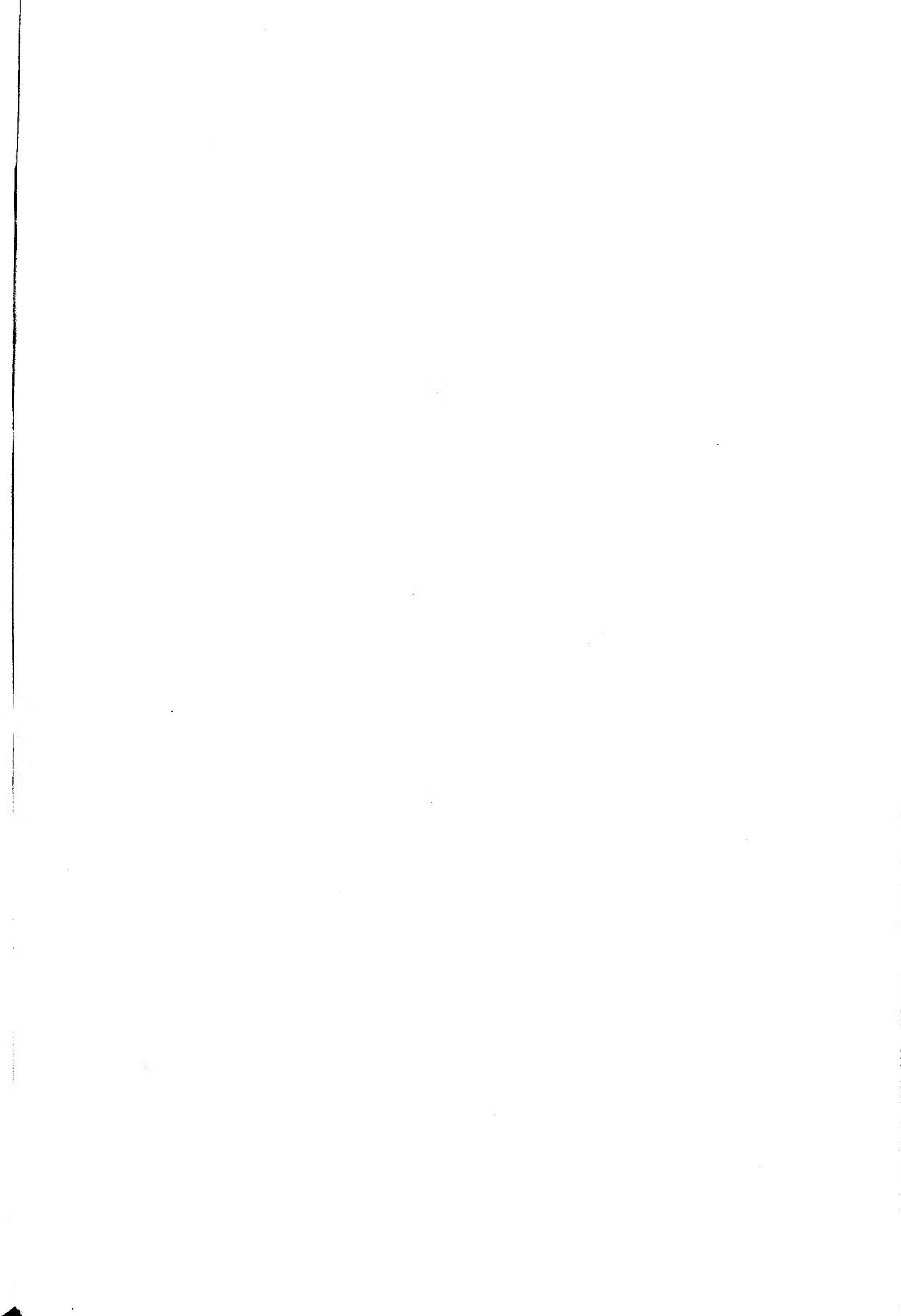
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QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL



VOL. XXIX.

APRIL 25, 1902.

No. 11

THE MEDICAL CONVOCATION.



PRII showers and the Medical Convocation, by frequent repetition, have become so closely allied that to think of one is to think of the other. With the May convocation of Arts and Science one naturally associates sunny weather, spring flowers, gala attire and bright, beaming faces. To think of the April Convocation is to bring up a vision of waterproofs, rubbers and umbrellas. This year was no exception to the rule—rain paraphernalia was as predominant as ever, but the beaming faces of mothers, fathers, fond relatives, and still fonder girl admirers were also just as much in evidence as in May.

Convocation was held on April 9th at four o'clock, but long before that hour the old medical slogan:

"Oil, wine, whiskey, rum!

More ale! More ale! More ale!

We're no bums!

Waugh! Waugh! Waugh!"

more forcible than refined, announced that the sons of Aesculapius were ready to bid their comrades of the graduating class God-speed. The old hall, which has witnessed the capping of so many young graduates was once again crowded to its fullest capacity, and platform and gallery had

their share of distinguished and representative men.

On the platform were seated the Principal, the grand old man of Queen's and of Canada; the Chancellor, whose work for the college has been second only to that of the Principal; the Dean, Fife Fowler, his appearance being the signal for "Long live the Dean" from the gallery; and the Professors and staff of the medical faculty. Rev. Prof. McComb, his gravity of demeanor giving but little warning of the witty speech which was to follow; and Rev. Dr. Philp, the chaplain of the day, also had seats on the platform.

The gallery were as witty and as noisy as usual, and any elderly gentleman with a cranium *a la billiard-ball*, any person or persons, male or female, with a tendency to "rubber," or any sweet Venus suspected of having more than a friendly interest in some particular Adonis of the graduating class came in for his or her share of their pointed remarks.

Shortly after four the procession filed into the hall—graduates and prizemen bringing up the rear. Strange to say these latter did not seem to be particularly embarrassed but bore their honors as if quite used to the receiving of degrees, as indeed many of them are.

The Chancellor's speech was short and mainly a congratulation to the Medical Faculty on the splendid work they had done in enlarging and equipping the Medical building and on the progress of this branch of the University during the past year. He referred briefly to the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales in October last and to the unfortunate circumstances which had necessitated the absence of the Principal on that occasion.

Dr. Herald reported an increase in the attendance from 151 to 177 students and emphasized the non-denominational character of the student-body. Of the medical students at Queen's 59 are Presbyterians, 53 Methodists, 30 Roman Catholics, 26 Anglican, and 9 of various denominations other than these mentioned.

The prizes were presented as follows:—Medal in medicine, F. E. Mellon; medal in surgery, G. F. Dalton, B.A., with honor of medal in medicine.

House surgeonies at Kingston General Hospital:—G. F. Dalton, B.A.; C. de St. Remy, F. Etherington.

Chancellor's prize (\$70):—T. O. McLaren.

Fife Fowler scholarship (\$50) for best 3rd year's work:—J. H. Laidlaw.

Dr. Hayunga prize, *Materia Medica*—J. H. Laidlaw.

Dr. Hayunga prize, anatomy—J. C. McCullough.

Faculty prize (\$25), anatomy, chemistry and physiology—H. Tandy.

Dr. C. K. Clarke's prize (\$25), mental diseases—F. Etherington.

The prize instituted by the Principal and this year presented by Dr. Horsey, M.P., of Owen Sound, was

won by Mr. S. O. Eshoo of Persia. This prize is awarded by votes of the graduating class to that man of their number who in their opinion has the highest morale. Mr. Eshoo is to be congratulated on the high opinion held of him by his fellow students. Rare indeed is it for a foreigner, especially when he belongs to a nation so alien, at least to Canadians, as is Persia, to win the esteem and good-will of his associates to such a marked degree that they award him a prize in preference to men of their own race.

Then followed the laureation of the graduates—twenty-eight in all receiving the degrees of M.D., C.M. Their names are as follows: W. W. Amos, Kingston; G. H. Bleeker, Trenton; J. V. Connell, Spencerville; J. W. Crews, Trenton; G. F. Dalton, Kingston; H. E. Day, Kingston; S. O. Eshoo, Oromiah, Persia; J. T. Hill, Conway; F. Etherington, Portsmouth; H. E. Gage, Kingston; D. E. Graham, Steinbach, Man.; R. E. Hughes, Ottawa; L. W. Jones, Kingston; W. R. Mason, Ottawa; F. E. Mellow, Sillsville; J. W. Merrill, Ottawa; R. G. Moore, Belleville; W. McKechnie, Elmade, Quebec; T. O. McLaren, Lancaster; P. I. Nash, Kingston; T. J. O'Reilly, Placentia, Nfld.; T. H. Orser, Glenvale; W. J. Patterson, Peterboro; J. S. Reekie, Sydney, New South Wales; R. M. Reid, Renfrew; A. L. Smith, Kingston; C. M. Stratton, Napanee; C. D. St. Remy, Kingston; H. C. Windel, Lotus.

Dr. F. Etherington had been appointed valedictorian by his year and right ably did he discharge this important duty. Dr. Etherington's training on the football field and in the meet-

ings of the Alma Mater and Aesculapian Society had removed from him the slightest trace of nervousness—that unfortunate failing which spoils so many a valedictory—and seldom or never has this farewell address been so carefully prepared or so eloquently delivered. His criticisms were well taken, and his suggestions express at least the opinions of the graduating class, if not of all the students. Space forbids us giving anything more than a brief summary of the valedictory.

The history of the class was told from its entry into Queen's four years ago, "twenty-nine fresh and vigorous youths of various ages, nationalities and creeds," its losses and its gains in strength up to the day of graduation when the class-roll recorded thirty-seven names. As to the standpoint of student ability, "with but one exception, no one stands head and shoulders above his fellows, and during the last four years there has never been such uncertainty as to which men would carry off the honours." This, Dr. Etherington maintained, was a very desirable state of affairs and showed that the average ability of the class was high.

After chronicling the winning of the inter-year cups in hockey and football, the captaincies of University teams held by '02 men, and the strong contingent which the graduating year had contributed to University teams, Dr. Etherington drew attention to the fact that athletics had not interfered with studies, but rather been a distinct help. Those who had taken the most active part in the athletic life of the University were well to the front in their studies.

Suggestions and criticisms as to the courses of study were then offered. The JOURNAL trusts that the remarks concerning the course in chemistry and the Hotel Dieu clinics will meet with the most earnest consideration. In regard to chemistry it is hard to see how the course can be improved and made more practical to Medical students so long as Dr. Goodwin has to meet the requirements of Arts, Science and Medical students in the same lectures. We see no reason whatever why the Hotel Dieu should not be thrown open to the students, and with the present overcrowding at the K. G. H., Hotel Dieu clinics are an absolute necessity.

The Professors of the Medical Faculty individually and collectively received great praise for the excellence of their lectures and the personal influence which they exercised over the students. With due regard for their modesty the JOURNAL refrains from quoting the remarks made in the valedictory with reference to the Professors and can only echo the praises that have been sung.

We quote from the concluding paragraphs. "To the citizens of Kingston we can but inadequately express our thanks for the many kindnesses received at their hands in their efforts to make our life while here as pleasant as possible."

"Lastly, I come to the most difficult part of my task—that of bidding farewell to my class-mates. We have spent four happy years together and have formed friendships which will last as long as life itself. Now we pass out on the troublesome sea of life but wherever our lot be cast, in Can-

ada or the United States, in Newfoundland, in Australia, or even in far off sunny Persia, may we never forget those happy days spent in Queen's University."

Those who know Professor McComb realize how impossible it is to do justice to one of his inimitable speeches, pregnant with humor, satire and eloquence. What would old Queen's be without an Irishman? Without Senator Sullivan Convocation would have been as dry as a bone. Professor McComb fully filled the jovial Doctor's place—and that is saying a good deal—leaving his hearers with aching sides, yet like Oliver Twist eager for more. Yet with all his wit and satire Dr. McComb managed to give the graduates much sound advice. To be successful, he said, they must believe in their calling even when things look discouraging. They must be workers too. The speaker warned them to be on guard against the danger of over-specialization, the danger of being one-sided; instead of becoming free men, being the slaves of prejudices. He warned them not to forget the spiritual and intellectual in the merely physical. If they did forget, then all their skill would fail in the diseases that lie deeper than the physical art. "Be faithful, self-denying and loyal servants of humanity," were Prof. McComb's concluding words.

Principal Grant's address closed the Convocation ceremonies. He spoke of the crying needs of the Medical Faculty, of the self-sacrificing spirit and noble generosity that prompted the professors of that faculty to rebuild and equip the medical building and their attempt to raise \$6,000 more for

equipment to make the institution one of the best in the land. In concluding he paid an eloquent tribute to Lieut. Bruce Carruthers and the Canadians who had fought at Hart's river in the Transvaal.

"But one thing I mourn," continued the Principal, "the Canadians are there on their own account; they are not our soldiers for they are paid by the old country. They are merely individual volunteers, and the credit is due to them individually and not to Canada. I desire to pay tribute to the heroism of those Canadians who died at Hart's river in South Africa." (Applause).

Finally the JOURNAL extends its congratulations to these twenty-eight young doctors and wishes them every success in the careers they have chosen.

QUEEN'S IN THE SIXTIES.

OUR First of July orators tell us that it is a good thing for Canadians once a year to look one another in the face and take stock both of their heritage and of the progress they are making. This truth holds good in reference to many other institutions besides our beloved Dominion. When, therefore, the Editor of this JOURNAL some time ago asked me to write a brief article of a reminiscent nature and dealing with college matters in my student days, I consented, because I felt that to look back is not always to meet with the fate of Lot's wife, and that a brief comparison between the Queen's of then and of now, could not fail to show the phenomenal progress she has made in the past forty years, and might stimulate us all in some

slight degree to work and hope for even greater success in the future.

On the morning of the first Wednesday of Oct., '63, fourteen Freshmen met in the classical class-room which, I think, is now used as a private dwelling by Professor Dyde, for the purpose of trying their hands at the matriculation examination.

Before graduation day in the spring of 1866, three other students had joined our class, making the total for '66 class seventeen students, and of these seventeen only nine graduated that spring. Two others graduated later on in their course, and six dropped out by the way. When I say that our class was one of the largest of those years, the readers of the JOURNAL can have some idea of the great strides Queen's has taken of late years as far as regards the number of students in attendance.

The matriculation examination was almost entirely oral and was not very oppressive, being confined to a very elementary knowledge of Classics and mathematics, a little English Grammar and Dictation. We all passed, but what percentage we made or who headed the list was never told us—perhaps to save the feelings of some of us. Up to this time the Arts curriculum was a three years' course, but during the session of 1864 it was decided to lengthen the course to four years, with the proviso that no student in the college at that time was to be affected by the change.

The staff was very small. There were two good reasons for this. The funds were not in a flourishing state. The Failure of the old Commercial bank had brought great financial loss

to Queen's, and the Ontario Government about this time withdrew all aid that had been given to sectarian colleges, and as Queen's was nominally sectarian the grant to her was withdrawn. But in addition to this, the number of students was very small. In the session of 1863-4 the total number of students in Arts was only 40; in Theology, 20; and in Medicine 79, making a total of 139, or only a few more than we find to-day in our Arts' matriculation class. The number of graduates in Arts this year was 15; in Medicine 30, and in Law 7. The total income of the College was \$12,564.84, and its expenditure was \$11,559.39, showing a surplus of \$1,005.45. Queen's had for its principal at this time the late Rev. Dr. Leitch, a very scholarly man and a very able lecturer. Principal Leitch excelled as a popular lecturer on Scientific subjects, especially on his favorite study, astronomy. The whole Theological staff consisted of Principal Leitch and Professor Mowat. The staff in Arts' faculty consisted of Professors Williamson, Weir, Lawson and Murray; the last named gentleman, who is now an honored professor in McGill, being the only member alive to-day.

In the medical department the Venerable Dean, Dr. Fife Fowler; Dr. R. Kennedy, of Bath, one of the brightest and noblest ornaments that this noble profession has ever had in Ontario; and Dr. Senator Sullivan (or Mickey, as he is affectionately and not at all irreverently called by his students), are the only survivors of the faculty of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three.

(Continued on page 18.)



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Editorials.

THE JOURNAL is able to present the exact terms and conditions pertaining to the prize recently offered by Sir Sandford Fleming for the best essay upon the function of Journalism in Canada. It is hoped that some of the readers and writers of this paper will take part in the contest. The facts are as follows:

The Subject.—How can Canadian Universities best benefit the cause of Journalism, as a means of moulding and elevating public opinion in the Dominion?

The Judges.—The donor, the Principals of McGill, Queen's and University College, Toronto, and G. S. Willison representing the Canadian Press Association.

Competitors are required to send their essays on or before 1st Dec., 1902, to "The Registrar of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont." signed with a motto, along with a sealed envelope containing name and address.

Essays must not exceed eight, or at most ten, thousand words in length.

The prize of \$250 may be given, at the discretion of the Judges, to one, or may be divided between two or three of the competitors.

The essay or essays adjudged worthy are to be read in public at the Alumni Conference of Queen's, next February.

SOME comments have already been made in another department of the JOURNAL upon the bill recently brought before the Ontario Legislature granting certain privileges to the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. The attention of the Engineering students of Queen's was first called to this matter in an address given by Mr. Carr-Harris some months ago, and the views expressed by this gentleman provoked the severe criticism of a well-known graduate in Arts and Engineering. The strictures of this writer, however, were not very closely reasoned and had something too much of personal animus to form a valuable contribution to the controversy. The general opinion in the University among both students and professors who are qualified to judge is that the government acted wisely in refusing to grant the considerations asked by the Society of Civil Engineers.

One of the chief objections to the proposed bill is the fact that the Society of Civil Engineers does not open its doors to all who are qualified to enter them. An examination is held which candidates for membership must pass successfully, but their names must also be voted upon by those who are already members before even the most brilliant candidate can be admitted. If it is considered by those forming the Society that the number of Civil Engineers is large enough already they can refuse to receive any new men at all. Moreover, the stipula-

tion that candidates must have served an apprenticeship of three years with some members of the Society is an effectual barrier against young engineers who have been thoroughly trained in other countries and who wish to come here to pursue their vocation. If such a measure is ever to become law in Ontario those who are interested in it will have to devise some plan which shows more breadth and liberality while at the same time demanding a high standard of excellence from men entrusted with important work.

It is quite proper that high qualifications should be demanded. The work done by Civil Engineers involves the safety of life and the security of manifold human interests. It is therefore legitimate that pains should be taken to prevent unqualified men from entering a profession entrusted with such important tasks. For this purpose technical education and severe tests of ability are requisite and essential. A recent article in the *Canadian Engineer* places too much stress on the fact that successful work has often been done by men of defective training and that trained experts sometimes make blunders. The same can be said of every profession, but it is a fallacy to generalize from such instances to the uselessness of careful scientific training. The theoretical training of the schools with severe examinations and an apprenticeship in practical work must in nine cases out of ten be the path by which engineers advance to their profession. Any legislation passed to enhance the value of careful training will be a safeguard to human life and interests, but measures passed to keep one good man out and let an-

other in well deserve the indignation which, in some quarters, the recent bill has stirred up.

In some respects the profession of civil engineering is one that is harder to define and regulate than others. The work done is of so varied a character that it is impossible to say where it is necessary to call in skilled professional experts and where the ordinary hard intelligence of the practical man is sufficient. In lumbering districts and mining camps, dams and flumes and railway sidings are often built by men who are on the spot in other capacities than that of the civil engineer, and if a special expert had to be brought in the whole venture might not support the expense. It may be possible in a general way to define the functions of the plain man from the expert, but in many cases it will have to be left to the discretion and the honour of proprietors where to draw such distinctions.

The JOURNAL by no means regrets the attitude taken to this matter in the article which called forth the severe and somewhat patronizing criticism of one who is himself too broad minded and honourable to wish injustice done either to high or low.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Some of the persons associated with the JOURNAL have been in the examination hall more or less frequently during the last few weeks; and interested as they are in the careful compiling and printing of these pages they have been struck with the very slovenly manner in which the examination papers are printed. Out of a number of papers in various departments

which have been scanned, nearly every one shows several more or less serious misprints. Some of these are harmless, but in other cases an ambiguity might easily arise in the minds of candidates as to the meaning of the questions. In such a small piece of printing as an examination paper it is surely easy enough with care to produce accurate workmanship.

A remark made some months ago in this column with regard to the relation of the JOURNAL with its publishers can well stand repetition before the close of the present volume; especially as the courtesy which was then acknowledged has been continued and enhanced throughout the entire session. The officials of the *British Whig*, represented by Mr. Hanson in the typesetting department, Mr. Meek in the pressroom, and Mr. Offord in the business office, have shown a heartiness and cordiality that break through mere business relationships into the finer atmosphere of friendship. In many cases the fastidiousness of various writers has demanded late alterations which might annoy any but the most painstaking and courteous officials, but in every instance, late or early, and in every detail of the intricate and responsible work the editors of the JOURNAL have met with unfailing politeness. The successors of the present staff will have the advantage of the same consideration.

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R. G. Reid, Montreal	500.00

Rev. John Sharp, M.A.,	
Queen's College.....	40.00
Dr. Alice Macgillivray, Hamilton, 1 on 25.....	5.00
Alex. M. Thompson, Queen's College.....	100.00
T. A. Dawes, Lachine.....	250.00
W. Guggisberg, Queen's Col- lege, 1 on 10.....	1.00
	—
	\$5164.00

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

PREVIOUS articles on this subject dealt with the attitude of the Imperial authorities to it, when giving to the Province the lands from which the endowment of Toronto University accrued, and with the general question as to the expediency of Ontario establishing and fostering more than one University centre. The recent history of the Province in relation to the subject may now be reviewed.

Twenty years ago the endowment of the University of Toronto was considered ample. I remember being at a University dinner soon after I had accepted my present position, at which the Hon. Mr. Crooks, then Minister of Education, descended on the "splendid" endowment it enjoyed, in language unalloyed by any suspicion that a day was at hand when it would be considered "paltry." Not long afterwards its inadequacy was recognized, and an agitation for Provincial aid started. The authorities of Queen's, Victoria and Trinity met this by declaring that such a one-sided solution of the problem was out of the question, and more particularly that the claims of the independent Universities which had arisen in consequence of

the sectarianism of Toronto, must be considered. The Government recognized the justice of this position and Mr. Ross, then Minister of Education, endeavored to satisfy all parties by his well-known scheme of federation. Dr. Nelles at first warmly favored this scheme, because it promised to satisfy the clamant necessities of Victoria; but so far was he from thinking that Queen's should accept it or that it was adequate to the educational needs of the Province that he seriously discussed with me other alternatives and especially whether it would not be wise to move to Kingston and unite with Queen's in building up there a second great educational centre. The attitude of the majority of Victoria's supporters put this and other suggested solutions out of the question. For Victoria the only alternative was to struggle on at Cobourg, or accept federation and so obtain relief from the expenditure involved in scientific as distinguished from literary education, as well as other advantages which removal to Toronto promised. It is not for me to explain why Dr. Nelles, after favoring federation so warmly that he converted many who at first had been opposed, went into opposition as warm, preferring poverty in Cobourg to what he feared might be extinction in Toronto. But his friends declined to be reconverted and the Methodist Church decided by a narrow majority in favor of federation—undoubtedly helped thereto by Mr. William Gooderham's will which gave \$200,000 to Victoria on condition of its moving to Toronto. That sum, Dr. Potts declared, they could not afford to sacrifice.

The position of Queen's during these negotiations, was clearly defined. Its board of Trustees, Senate, University Council, graduates and benefactors, on being severally consulted, had unanimously declared that the scheme of federation did not meet its ideals nor the actual and prospective needs of the Province. We had not a word to say against federation. It seemed to many of us not ill-suited to Trinity, which was in Toronto, or to Victoria because its constituency was divided and it could not get the financial support which was requisite for legitimate expansion, so long as it remained in Cobourg. Federation also conferred a boon on the theological colleges in the city by affiliating them to the University and giving them representation on the Senate and other advantages. The boon was indeed reciprocal, though not so recognized at first by the pundits of the University. But so far as concerned Queen's, its position, location, freedom from denominationalism, freedom from debt, and the unanimity of its constituency, put it in an altogether different category. Had we been influenced by the lower motives that usually sway men,—desire to avoid further pecuniary sacrifices or to magnify the denomination to which it owed its existence, we would have voted for federation, accepted the site offered us in Queen's Park, and in union with Knox formed the strongest denominational college in the Province, and at the same time thrown on the Province the burden of supplying the students with the infinitely more expensive half of their Arts education, while the College preserved absolute independ-

ence. This would have cast the whole University system of the Province into the hands of the representatives of the leading denominations, an end which however it might be welcomed by some men, did not commend itself to us and would not have been in the public interest. We had protested against sectarianism at the outset. We would not accept it in another form, after half a century's successful struggle. In spite of this, men are still to be met with who object to the Province aiding Queen's on the ground that thereby they would be supporting "a denominational institution"; taking the line of the clever rogue who joined the crowd in chase of an innocent man not unlike himself, and who shouted "Stop thief!" more lustily than anyone else.

Federation has proved to be in the interest of Victoria, and should Trinity throw in its lot with the scheme, improved as it has been by the legislation of last year and the financial outlook, the work of Mr. Ross will be consummated, so far as Toronto is concerned. As long as the various elements harmonize and aim at securing a lofty type of university life instead of struggling for particularistic advantages, they will receive nothing but congratulations and co-operation from us. The Province needs a university in its capital equal to modern demands, and every great city, controlled as it is apt to be by material forces, needs the fountain head of spiritual influence which a true university best represents and supplies. We have the right to expect that Victoria and Trinity, as well as the friends of higher education generally,

will not forget their own past; the good purposes their institutions served; their own arguments and attitude; the varied needs of the Province, and the advantages to themselves and the public of a generous competition in a realm where the good of each benefits all. The Presbyterian church may be depended on to be true to its past. No other body has such a record for consistent and unselfish policy in educational matters. It has sought not its own but the public good, in the spirit of a national and historical church, and its attitude during the last two years, when it was called on to consider the thorough nationalising of Queen's by statute, has been worthy of its best days. The change in the constitution of Queen's, for which we are now prepared, is, it is true, only the logical sequence of the change which was made when the union of 1875 took place; but men are ruled by sentiment as much as by logic, and it would not have been strange had strong objections been taken to what seems a more radical change, and one which leaves the church without even a nominal claim to having a university of its own. But a nobler spirit animated the General Assembly, and for the future the Universities of Dalhousie, McGill, Queen's, Toronto and Manitoba will all be cherished by it, "without partiality and without hypocrisy"; because it can point with legitimate pride to the share it had in making them what they are, and because all of them further those interests of the commonwealth, on which the cause of true religion so largely depends. It is true that they differ, more or less materially, so far as their written con-

stitutions are concerned, but that is simply because they are historical growths. They are one in spirit and in the main outlines of their work. They operate under public charters, and are entitled to more generous and ungrudging support than they have received hitherto. G.

QUEEN'S IN THE SIXTIES.

(Continued from page II.)

These were days of trouble in Queen's. A dispute between two members of the faculty spread among the students, and in spite of the efforts of a few who tried to keep the students from becoming mixed up with the row the whole college was soon divided into two hostile camps. The result was that before our first session was over the chair of Classics was declared vacant, and Dr. Lawson, the highly respected Professor of Science, resigned and shortly afterwards accepted a similar position in Dalhousie College. Professor Donald Ross, who was at this time doing duty in a mission field in Peterboro County, was brought back to Kingston to take charge of the classics for the rest of the session, and so well did he perform the duties to which he was so hastily called, that almost every student in the College signed a petition to the Board of Trustees asking for his permanent appointment to the chair of Classics.

However, for reasons that need not be referred to here, Prof. MacKerras was appointed to the position, and every student who studied under that good man, knows how wisely the trustees acted in appointing him. With the exception of Principal Grant, probably no Professor that ever held a

chair in Queen's exerted a happier personal influence over the students. Like our present beloved Principal, he may be said to have given his life for his college, for his death was caused by the overstrain on his constitution in canvassing for the first endowment scheme in 1869. In the meantime, I should have said, Principal Leitch had died, and Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, was appointed to fill the vacancy. Dr. Snodgrass, who is still living in Canonbie, Scotland, while not so inspiring a lecturer as Principal Leitch or Principal Grant, was an able man and a wise and prudent manager and a born financier. The writer has often heard it said that if Principal Snodgrass had gone into business he would have been a millionaire.

But I have got somewhat off the track. The course in Classics was light because of the low matriculation standard and the shortness of the course. The honor students in Classics of to-day will conclude that their predecessors of forty years ago had a snap when I tell them that the whole work in classics for the final men in the session of 1863-4 consisted of a little Latin and Greek prose, Latin and Greek prosody, a drill in Latin and Greek grammar, a very good drill in Bojesan's Greek and Roman Antiquities, and the following authors : Plato's *Apology* and *Crito*, Sophocles' *Oedipus Coloneus*; Tacitus' *Annals* Bk. I; Livy Bk. XXI; Terence's *Phormio*; and for honors : Aeschylus, Prometheus Vinctus. One professor in these days did the work that is now done by three professors and three tutors.

The subject of classics was by all

odds the one to which most attention was paid, for in those days of old the Science and commercial furore had not taken possession of those who were at the head of Educational affairs in this Province, and the Humanities were in the ascendant. In Mathematics we got a good drill in Geometry, a fair knowledge of the earlier parts of Algebra, but the amount of knowledge we acquired in Physics, Conics, Calculus, &c., was neither extensive nor profound. This was not to be wondered at for Professor Williamson, who was in these days as well as up to the time of his death the students' friend, did the work that is now taken by four professors and two tutors. Philosophy was taught by Professor Murray, who was a gentleman of fine taste and was a very clear lecturer. We had logic the second year and Philosophy, Mental (Sir Wm. Hamilton), and Moral (Dugald Stewart) the third year. Moderns were not taught at all, and the only history we had was a written examination on Mute's Eighteen Christian Centuries, which we got up as we pleased and when we pleased. There was no Professor of English at all. Professor Murray lectured on Rhetoric and examined us on Spaulding's English Literature, but we never read critically a selection of literature, either prose or poetry.

But it is in Science that the greatest progress is seen in Queen's. Professor Lawson and Professor Bell, who succeeded him during the session of 1863-4, taught a little Botany, Geology, Zoology and Mineralogy, but it will be easily seen that the quantity of each subject that was taught was but slight when we call attention to the

fact that the work which was then done by one professor now occupies the attention of five professors, one lecturer, six demonstrators and two tutors.

Political Science is a department of but late introduction into Queen's and was not dreamed of in our days. It will thus be seen that the growth of Queen's during the past thirty or forty years has been simply marvellous, and this great onward march in the work in which Queen's has been engaged, is due in a very large measure to the great labor, self-denial, enthusiasm and personal influence of Principal Grant who is *facile princeps* among the great college men in Canada. The prayer of hundreds of graduates and friends of Queen's to-day is that he may be speedily restored to his old vigor and strength and that he may be spared for many years to come to keep Queen's in the van of Canadian Universities.

In the sporting world Queen's played but a tame part in these old days. No such thing as hockey was ever heard of, and football in all the towns in Eastern Ontario that we were acquainted with, was confined to a game or two on the ice on New Year's or Christmas. The great social event at Queen's was the Conversazione, which was held the night before Convocation and was attended by most of the elite of the city. The students being few in number, and as is the case generally for the most part poor, the Professors and many of the ladies of Kingston assisted very liberally in getting up this yearly function. In fact the Kingston people then, as now, were particularly noted for their kindness and their hospitality, and were always ready to

make it pleasant for the young men attending Queen's, most of whom were, metaphorically speaking, strangers in a foreign land. There was a small gymnasium in one of the rooms which is now the Principal's residence, but the equipment was a very meagre one, consisting of vaulting cross-bars, ladder ropes, and a few other items usually found in a gymnasium. The annual procession on the evening of University Day is of a date much later than 1863, and the only thing corresponding to that performance that we ever heard of was a raid on city gates on Hallowe'en, and an occasional serenade of some fair lady who had an admirer in the crowd. I remember only one genuine procession which would correspond to the modern parade on the evening of University Day. I forget whether it was in 1863 or 1864, but the occasion was the capturing of the gold and silver medals competed for in Medicine in Toronto University at the final examination. These medals were open to any students, as Toronto was a Provincial University. Two of Queen's medical students went up to "beard the lion in his den" and came back with the two medals, and a crowd of students met them at the outer station on their return and made a noisy march of jubilation through the city with them. The gold medalist was Dr. Heggie, who is practising at present in Brampton, and the silver medalist is the present Dean of the Toronto Faculty of Medicine, Dr. R. A. Reeve, the celebrated oculist.

Of course the great day for the students was Convocation Day, which occurred regularly the last Wednesday of April, when they proudly marched up

to the platform of the old Convocation Hall (now occupied by the Medical faculty) to receive their sheepskins or prizes if they were fortunate enough to secure either. This day was a great day in our eyes, but compared to the convocation of these latter days, it was a tame affair. No student was ever so foolhardy as to venture to "talk back in meetin'," to offer a suggestion, or to call down an obnoxious professor by a biting joke. It was a day of sober things when we listened to one or two addresses full of sage advice, that, it was hoped, would be of service to us in the days to come. One or two of our class of 1886 have won a fair share of distinction. One of them, N. F. Dupuis, M.A., LL.D., L.R.C.S., has been for many years the efficient and highly respected Professor of Mathematics and Dean of the Science Faculty. The great success of the Applied Science department is due chiefly to the skill, ingenuity and self-sacrifice of Professor Dupuis. Another member of our class, Mr. W. C. Caldwell, has been one of the most independent member of our Local Legislature for more than a quarter of a century, where he has the reputation of being a thoroughly honest man and where he has been able to do good service for his Alma Mater. Most of the rest have been trudging along on the highway of life ever since we parted on the last Wednesday of April 1866, trying to do our little allotted work as well as we can, but a few have some time ago gone to their long home and final account. I think that however diverse have been our paths through life or our opinions on various questions of the day, on one ques-

tion at least we are all agreed, namely, that Queen's is a grand institution, the teaching of whose professors is characterized not only by high aims but by a breadth of outlook that must redound to the benefit of all with whom her graduates come in contact. I feel quite certain that no graduate of the class of '66 will ever turn his back on his Alma Mater or refuse to lend his aid, however humble it may be, to still further promote her material interests.

P. C. McGREGOR, '66.

BOOKS AND READING.

(*In Address given to the Kingston Y.M.C.A. by Professor Macnaughton.*)

SOME weeks ago in speaking of the good habits which it was desirable that young men should form, I mentioned among other things the habit of reading good books. But what are good books? Our grandfathers would have found no difficulty in answering that question. They would have said that there was one good book above all others, namely, the Bible, and that others were good just according to the help they gave you towards understanding and assimilating the Bible. I think their view was substantially a right one. The Bible remains still the best book in the world, or rather the best collection of books, for it is really an extensive literature in which the various stages of a long history are reflected, and you could get no better test in the long run of the value of any book than to ask how much light does it throw on the thoughts about our life which are expressed in the Bible. So far our grandfathers were right. But

they had a very narrow conception of what the Bible was, and a correspondingly narrow view of what would help them to understand it. They really, in one sense, knew very little about it. It never occurred to them to break it up into its parts and to try and throw themselves back into the living situation which each of these parts dealt with and sprung out of. To them every word was equally full of mysterious truth and wisdom; it was all on one dead level of petrified infallibility. They would quote an authoritative statement of the Holy Spirit, passages, like some of the utterances of Job's friends, which the sacred writer had carefully marked as being in his opinion false. They had not the slightest idea that the Bible had grown up quite naturally, just like the literature of any other people, that its writers were to all outward appearances just like the best of our own writers, men of unusual clearness of head and strength of heart, who had something to say to their own generation; who wrestled with the problems of their own time and found some solution of them; who saw what God meant in the events which were happening around them, and felt compelled to tell abroad to others what they saw; who grasped with extraordinary intensity and power the great permanent laws of human life and judged the movement of their own time by these, blaming and praising and advising their contemporaries accordingly. They were seldom listened to by many in their own time, these writers and preachers and singers. They were scarcely ever popular. The popular writers and speakers, and of

course there were plenty of them, have not come down to us; after they were dead no one thought of gathering their utterances into any Bible. Verily they had their reward in the praise and pudding which made glad their little day. But they did not stand the great test, the test of time. The others their unpopular rivals, did. They had been in contact with what endures, they had seized the permanent element beneath the show of things; they had some glimpse of God, and so somehow their work could not die with them. People had always obscurely felt that there was something in them; some few had from the very first appreciated and treasured up every word they said; and sooner or later, succeeding generations, just as blind as their predecessors to the significance of the present, came to recognize and reverence them as the great figures of the past, and while no less busy than their forefathers in stoning their own living prophets, built splendid monuments to the dead prophets and carefully collected every scrap that remained of them as a priceless revelation of God's truth. It was essentially in this way that the Bible gradually came to be formed. And if we are really to understand it we must study it from this point of view. Our ancestors did not, and therefore they missed a very great deal of its meaning and power. But they did read it, if not with very much intelligence in some ways, at least with a very great deal of real reverence. And it is astonishing how much they did get out of it by dint of sheer good-will. It was tremendous, if somewhat vague reality to them—a real staff to their feet and lamp to

guide their paths. They went to it to get serious help for their lives, and it did not fail them. We are in a much better position to profit by it than they were. Do we really profit more; I am afraid we do not. It is less a force in the lives of most of us I fear than it was in theirs. But yet it might be, and should be, more to us than it was to them. If it is to become so we must study it for ourselves and meditate upon it as they did. We ought, as they did, to let no day pass over our heads without really studying some part of it however small. The helps which are at our command are daily increasing, both in number and in value. Here, for instance, is an excellent little book on the prophets, translated from the German of Professor Karl Harrich Cornill, of Konigsberg. This like so much of what has been done to throw real light on the scriptures comes from Germany. But we are beginning in Canada, I am happy to say, to contribute to the conscientious and careful study of the Bible. You should all get Professor McFayden's Messages of the Books, and for the New Testament in which at least for some time I would advise you to confine your careful studies to the Gospels, there is a very helpful life of Christ by Stapfer.

I have taken the Bible as the type and standby of one great class of books the most important of all—the books which have to be carefully studied and meditated by all serious people who wish to work into their own hearts and minds the high visions and convictions of the great fundamental truths of human life revealed to the recognized spiritual leaders of our

race in the past. Time has stamped its seal upon them. The experience of generations has tested their truth and raised them to their thrones. Of course there are many other books which belong to this class, and the more of them we can get at the more fully shall we be able to understand the Bible. Some of our own poets and thinkers—men like Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Carlyle, and many more—would deserve a place in this list; and a long roll of names would have to be added from Greece, Rome, Italy, France and Germany if we were to try and give an exhaustive enumeration of the world's spiritual treasures contained in literature. But there is one thing needful. There is one name above all names. We cannot do without Jesus Christ, and the Bible is the book that tells us of Him. Our first and quite indispensable business then in the way of serious book study is the Bible, and here as elsewhere, if we put first what ought to go first the rest will be added unto us. If we cultivate the capacity to understand and enjoy the noblest and deepest thought in its highest expression, we shall be quick to find and to enter into all that is kindred with that, and breathes the same spirit wherever we come across it. We may not have leisure to learn other languages than our own, but if we start with a real hold of the Bible we cannot fail, I think, soon or late to get at what is best worth reaching in our own language.

We cannot, however, be always reading books which need study and meditation like the Bible. We need a rest and amusement as well as teaching about the deep and sacred things

of life, and certainly one great function of books is to provide us with that in a wholesome form. There are some very great writers who can both teach us and amuse us. Shakespeare, for instance, is not only full of the profoundest wisdom, he is also the prince of entertainers, the most thrilling and moving of story tellers, the creator of a whole world of the most interesting and significant men and women who become quite as real to us as we are to another, and much more transparently known, if we read him often enough; he abounds no less in humor and wit, in gaiety and frolic, than he does in beauty and pathos. It is the greatest disgrace to the English speaking races I know of that such a poet as he, really very easy to understand, at least up to a certain point, should count for so little with the mass of our own people as he does. The Germans have practically stolen him from us. They appreciate him as a nation. A really considerable knowledge of him is the property of everybody there. I can never forget the astonishment with which I heard the man, from whom I used to get my tobacco in Munich, criticise the actor who was taking the part of Uncle Toby in Twelfth Night. The actor in his opinion, as he proceeded to explain with great force and clearness, did not fully realize Shakespeare's conception. Of course the reason of this is to a very large extent that in Germany there is a really good theatre which is a great instrument of national education. Good literature does not stop with the Germans when they leave school. However hard worked they may be, and they work very much

harder and for far less money than we do, they find time even in the poorest of classes to go on with their education. The reason is that they have a nationally organized system of rational amusement. They are educated through their play. That is just what ought to be. Even in sport there should be a serious element. If there is not the sport soon falls flat. If there is nothing in it to exercise the higher faculties—and they crave exercise—a painful feeling of emptiness soon comes on. And on the other hand some of the best lessons and influences steal into our minds through play. We are instructed and inwardly informed without knowing it in the very act of being pleased. This is the special function of poets, to mould men and attune them to the spiritual harmonies by such helps to reach him as the Germans have. We do not get regular opportunities of hearing his plays interpreted for us by the living voice and animated gestures of trained artists. A great deal might be done if we were started on him properly at school. My friend and colleague, Dr. Dyde, is trying at present to call attention to the desirableness and the means of having this done. I do not see why he should not succeed, at least to a large extent, and he will have conferred an invaluable service on our educational system if he does. Most of you, I fancy, have not had much done for you by way of introducing you to Shakespeare. Well, you must do it for yourselves. The best way I think is to read him aloud, with some friend taking turns. That was what I did when I was a boy, and some of the happiest hours I ever spent were

passed in this way. It makes the greatest difference in the world to hear Shakespeare. His speeches are meant to be spoken and not merely read.

The two great types, then, of the two kinds of reading for us ought, I think, to be the ones I have mentioned, for serious study the Bible, for amusement Shakespeare. If we make these our basis we cannot go wrong. Even a moderate familiarity with them will establish in our minds an unconscious standard which will keep us on the right lines in our reading. The man who is accustomed to their voices will not listen long to inanities. If he picks up on a railway bookstall, or from the heap of print in paper covers which are left to tempt him on his seat in the cars, such forcible-feeble stuff as Hall Caine's "Eternal City," or Marie Corelli's best cataract of many-colored, lime-lit drivel, he won't read many pages. He will feel the false note at once and regret it without much reasoning. He will feel the true note too when he hears it, and respond to it. It is a matter of very serious importance that he should. The amount of subtle mischief wrought by false and feeble novels is incalculable. They introduce a paralyzing poison into the system, weaken our mental and moral tone, leave us slack for our work and out of tune with realities, melt away our backbone. The good ones on the other hand strengthen us and tone us up. The blessed contagion of a sane, vigorous and clear-sighted spirit streams into us out of them. They make us feel that we are in a world of air and sunshine with a solid earth beneath our feet and a boundless blue heaven

above us, that life is worth living with all its storms and all its hum-drum tediousness—nay just because of these things, if we quit ourselves like men. They inspire us to a stout and hopeful lift of the daily burden, instead of with a weak disgust of it. And they do so because somehow or other the picture they give us of the world is full of truth and harmony; it gives us things as they are with the shadows as well as the lights, and yet brings out clearly the beneficent plan and law which underlies them; they succeed in short, in making us feel that the world is God's world. That is fundamentally what all the really good books do for us whether they are grave or gay. They carry on for us and show us working in our own modern world the same great principles which are the substance of the Bible revelation. They help us to understand it, and in its light we get the best hold of what is the deepest speech of their power. And so we have come round again to the point we started from. Of all good books the Bible first; and grouped around whether for instruction or amusement all those books which reinforce and re-echo in whatever variety of accents, the same ground tones.

"Costly thy raiment as thy purse can buy,

But not expressed in fancy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Messrs. C. Livingston and Brother, tailors to the University and other sensible people, have recently secured the services of one of the most skillful cutters in Canada and are in a position more than ever before to send people out of town well clad.

Ladies' Department.

MY FOUNTAIN PEN.

I FEEL a certain delicacy about handling this topic, for the subject of my remarks is lying on my table at no great distance from me, with none too pleasant an expression on its countenance, and with decidedly black looks. Still I cannot help setting down in black and white, even through the medium of a common yellow pen, my opinion of the decidedly questionable behavior of my above-mentioned acquaintance, through the past year.

In the first place he is a child of adoption. That may account for some peculiarities he displays. I was compelled to accept him in place of my old sturdy friend of two years standing, who was pocketed by a Boston gentleman at the seaside last summer. This little Yankee was found lying beside my writing desk when its owner was speeding rapidly away towards the learned city of his birth, and rather than be left absolutely destitute I took him reluctantly into my keeping. I grieve to say that he has not been all I could have wished.

At first he utterly refused to respond in any way. I put it down to homesickness and loneliness and left him alone for a little while. But when this continued with no apparent reason, I really became annoyed and shook him. I was not rough, but simply impatient and perhaps suspicious that his desertion by the old Bostonian had not been entirely unintentional. At any rate the shaking seemed to have a tonic effect, for he left his sulks gradually and flew over my note paper quite briskly.

My letters were written with comparative ease and until I arrived in Kingston we were on the best of terms.

It was strange, however, that as soon as he scented the air of the scholastic precincts of Queen's, my fountain pen became absolutely and unreasonably cranky. I never could count on his behavior from one moment to another. It was not as though he would never write as he should, for then I would have discarded him entirely. But he would take zealous fits and sometimes would glide along the lines in a perfectly bewitching manner —so that I was quite won over. But when he was stubborn and refused to budge I would think of the nursery rhyme about little birds that *can* sing and *won't* sing, and would resort to my shaking again. But it was provoking to have to employ such methods. I must say I always preferred individuals of an equable temperament.

The only way I could explain his conduct was on the basis of national jealousy. My own little pen was, it is true, an American, by manufacture. But he was broader and had been naturalized in Canada to quite a degree of friendliness. I could only hope that in his native land he was showing the best results of his Canadian training. But this slim young foreigner was absolutely hostile. At first I did not think that the sentiment of patriotism was at work, and was imagining every other possible reason for his unfriendly attitude. One day, however, when I was congratulating myself on the success of my overtures of friendship, for my little pen was almost outdoing himself, I happened to think that the

subject of the lecture was Emerson, with special reference to the valuable additions that author had made to the general forward movement in the beginning of the nineteenth century. An interesting lecture and praising in no stinted terms the author's powers. "Ah," said I, "this will please my little Bostonian." I smiled as I thought of his jealousy for the fame of the great Republic, and a warm feeling stole through my heart, for true loyalty, tempered with breadth of view, had always been one of my hobbies. Then, too, he was writing so easily, so swiftly that the lecturer's words were appearing almost verbatim on my white page. Not really unreasonable, I thought, he is getting to feel more at home.

Suddenly, without any warning, he stopped writing. I gently pressed him to continue, but no! I waited a moment and tried again—still no response! I knew the supply of ink had not given out for I had wielded my little filler most assiduously an hour before. Simple crankiness, how annoying! I urged him and urged him, but all in vain. So I shook him—a good hard shaking it was, too! Alas, I might as well have written with the other end of the pen for all the impression it made. I gave up in disgust, and having no pencil, sat back to listen to the words of the lecturer. He had passed on now to a comparison of Emerson's optimism with Carlyle's, and was clearly bringing out the superior value of the Scotchman's teaching in this line. Emerson stood for the moment in the shadow. This, then, was the explanation of my American friend's obstinacy. Simply

an unreasoning national jealousy. What a baby, thought I.

It proved to be a correct surmise, however. I could hardly have believed it possible that a little pen like that could have been so learned as to follow the words of the lecturer closely. But then he was a native of Boston, and that is supposed to be a sufficient reason for any amount of erudition. No doubt he was surprised that Kingston could display as much learning as she did, but with the beautiful scorn of one accustomed to the most highly developed stages of wisdom, he repudiated any imputation of inferior powers on the part of his countrymen.

It was rather unfortunate, this attitude. For with all our boasted tolerance at Queen's we never fail to show the good points of our own native land. And this seemed to be quite unbearable to the pen of my adoption. I noticed it particularly in the lectures in Political Economy. For although *his* native land was never mentioned in any but a fair, impartial way, generously, too, I thought, still the slightest hint of unfavorable comparison was sure to produce the most unpleasant results. So that his conduct in these lectures was highly erratic. I grew to depend on him less and less and pinned my faith on a stout pine-pencil devoid of sentiment. When my fountain pen was pleased to act graciously, I wielded him freely, but when any signs of crankiness appeared he was simply ignored. On one point, however, I was determined. The small American was to play no part in my April ordeal. I would not be hampered in my treatment of American literature or American in-

stitutions by a consideration of the touchy feelings of the small Bostonian. For those days he could have his "glees and his glooms alone."

Accordingly, I was accompanied in my first examination by a stout and friendly pen, a naturalized American similar to my long lost. It stood by me nobly throughout my trials, and I was loath to return it to its owner. My slim little friend at home felt the slight keenly, but it did him good, for he has responded freely ever since. How long this will last is hard to say. I haven taken to whistling Yankee-Doodle lately. It has a wonderfully reviving effect.

COLLEGE GIRLS AS HOUSEKEEPERS.

Queen's girls are now looking forward to the near future of domestic activity, which for some will not last longer than five months, for others will stretch out indefinitely. In a very little while we will pack away our books and look for our darning-needles and aprons. How fortunate it is that we are able to vary our work in this way. We cannot be sorrier for girls who have not had the experience of a college education, than for those who do not know the quieter pleasures of getting the tea, or dusting the hall-stairs. This latter class is certainly limited. There are few of us who have not taken a generous share in the menage of our own domicile. Sometimes it is a larger share than we would have chosen; sometimes it seems decidedly irksome. We do not hail the news with delight that our kind family is reserving the house-cleaning until examinations are over, "because it will be such a change for

you!" We often find it hard to attend to household duties in the sunny mornings when we were accustomed to turn out, books in hand, into the fresh air, with the men and women of the business world. That seemed one of the pleasantest features of man's employment. Wordsworth must have tried his sister Dorothy sorely at times. She shouldered all the household troubles, she stood between him and the roughnesses of the world, and when she was doing her best to make his home pleasant for him, it must have been annoying to have him write her a note, saying:

"Now that our morning's meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign,

Come forth and feel the sun."

No doubt she was as anxious to "feel the sun" as he was. But it would have to be the late afternoon sun, if her duties were to be accomplished.

There do seem to be drawbacks even to domestic bliss. But she is a queer girl who does not enjoy house-keeping in at least a general way. Clever she may be, and in her element when surrounded by piles of books and pads and pens. She may revel in lectures and essays. But there is surely something radically wrong if she does not experience a distinct feeling of satisfaction, deep-dwelling, inherent, when she finds herself on even the sunniest of mornings, clad in a big check apron, polishing the breakfast cups. The real true college girl ought to enjoy such things more than ordinary mortals, for she knows a little bit of the fields of knowledge stretching all around and she can

cherish that little glimpse most carefully while she rubs away at the cups and is happy that her education is not "like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side."

It is curious how the College girls take sudden fits of activity—how all at once their zeal for an all-round education is awakened, and they begin to practise their scales and to learn to sew, and to ask their patient father leading questions as to the nature of cast-iron or "liquidation." These fits are periodic and generally occur after the term's work is over and the restriction of the iron law of the curriculum is lifted. Then they are suddenly fired with zeal to lead a "round life" and take little swoops down on every blooming field of knowledge in their immediate neighborhood. During the course of the summer the range of these practical subjects is gradually limited to one or two leading and necessary lines. And when Autumn closes in and college days are near, their ambitions turn to the intellectual sphere, and they are anxious to master the principles of Art in addition to a slight knowledge of Italian and some idea of the historical development of the Bible. Poor College girls! Can you wonder that they are so anxious to try their power in different lines? They have never been watched by their parents as their brothers have been, for any signs of latent ability. "I really believe Johnny will make a fine carpenter!" says a fond mother; "he drove in that tack quite straight." And "father" asks his young hopeful how he would like to try gardening—he will get him as

many packages of seeds as he likes, for he is sure the boy has talents in that line. It is very certain that the boys' talents will be found for them if the parents have any interpretive powers at all. But the girls have to feel in a very tentative way for theirs, if they do not happen to lie along the broad lines of domestic usefulness.

Towards the end of the term the students grow far more familiar with the four corners of their rooms, than they would have thought possible, earlier in the season. Sometimes this intimacy grows tiresome, even with the alluring alternatives of pursuing one's studies from the edge of the bed, or the slippery top of the trunk or even the floor, for variety's sake. When all these positions have lost their novelty, the window is ever present to serve as a fatal decoy from one's lawful employment. If the window looks out on the front street there are certain to be most attractive scenes below. The arrival of the milk cart is quite an event, second only in importance to that of the postman. One looks with sincere interest at the jaded steed, yawning wearily, as though early rising were not to his liking, and extending his right fore-foot or curling up his left hind-foot in a listless "stand-at-ease" fashion. No less interesting is the small boy who goes from door to door, thrusting in gay posters relentlessly; or the young mother, basket in one hand and unwilling infant in the other, stepping off bravely to market. It is strange what a number of engrossing scenes there can be when one should not see them. Until a person is shut into a

room and forced to keep his eyes on his work, the street life is more or less uninteresting. But when once he knows that all his attention should be in the realms of ideas he begins to feel

"What he for human kind
Has never felt before."

The back-yard windows foster in the observing a love for the lower animals—or possibly a growing aversion. One takes a morbid interest in the fate of some unlucky bird on which Pussy has her eye, or watches sometimes a whole half-hour, in a fascinated way, the tireless movements of energetic hens, whose necks keep working almost automatically. If pigeons are flying in the neighborhood, their flutterings from roof to roof are charming to watch; and it is interesting to guess whether the kitten will come down the tree head first or tail first. The back-yard has its attractions, though the clucking and meowing which at intervals issue thence are sometimes anything but pleasant. How hard it is to be a student, shut out from the sights and sounds of beautiful Nature! "Bridget," said her mistress, "see, I can write my name in this dust!"—"Oh, ma'am," says Bridget, "what a thing it is to be eddicated!" So say we all.

EVOLUTION OF THE SONG-BOOK.

There was a time when even the least credulous among us were firmly convinced that the Song-book's appearance was imminent. At last it was to appear, that volume heralded by by-gone generations of Hand-books with untiring zeal. The classic songs of "Lydia Pinkham" and "One More River" were to be enshrined in a last-

ing form. Coming generations, our children and great-grandchildren would lustily shout "The Old Ontario Strand" as their ancestors in the golden days of Geordie. And the Campus would resound with the strains of "Hail! Hail! the gang's all here!"

It was a pleasant prospect, held out to us on our return this Autumn, and those who were loyal and musically inclined deposited their little fees at the post-office against the appearance of the wished-for compilation. Some, it is said, ordered duplicate copies to give to kind friends at the Christmas time. Such a nice way to remember old Queen's students. Nothing would please them more. There was no doubt at all that they would make their appearance before Christmas, these song-books. But unforeseen contingencies have arisen and the song-books fail to appear, and the students wonder whether they have done all they could towards the arrangement. The committee appointed would, no doubt, like some assistance, if graciously offered.

It has been suggested that individuals who have any talents along the line of metrical compositions should bestir themselves and write. The Glee Club would be, doubtless, only too ready to second their efforts, to the extent of setting the words to music. The final year, for example, who are so anxious to impress on the general public their claim to greatness, might compose a ditty something like this:

Hurroo! Hurroo!
For '02!
They take the lead
In all they do!

They eat their cake
And have it, too.
They start a thing
And put it through!
Blue, red and yellow,
Yellow, red and blue—
Don't forget
The best year yet:
The famous '02!

This set to music would be a decidedly rollicking chorus for the song-book and would doubtless spur on some of the gifted members of the other years, to sing of the undying fame of their special aggregations. Besides, how it would help the song-book! Students should be sufficiently public-spirited to contribute to so laudable an object, especially when they consider the friends of the College who are yet awaiting their Christmas presents.

Another suggestion would be to take up the lament of the extra-mural and put it to music. This is a theme which has not been worn thread-bare and would admit of most artistic treatment. A Freshman, young in years, submits the following which, with slight alterations, might prove very acceptable:

Oh, I'm an Extra-mural
From way-back, if you please,
A hard-worked Extra-mural,
A-paying little fees.

I'm kept at work incessant,
A-writing essays out;
Trying to understand the things
The tutors talk about.

I'm working in the dark, at least
It seems like that to me—

A poor, young Extra-mural
Of the Universitee.

But once a year
You bet, I score,
When I appear
At Queen's front door
In Sunday fineree.

Old friends I hail,
New ones I make,
Let others quail,
Let others quake,
Exams are treats to me!

We write this with pardonable pride in the talents of the Freshman, and think that with a mandolin accompaniment it would prove a popular number at Glee Club concerts. Not only so, but it would be complimentary to those members of the College who enjoy the work without the sport which falls to the share of the rest of us. And what we should aim at in our song-book is to represent all classes in the University. There is the Registrar, for example. A little ditty should be arranged in his honor. The subject-matter need not be serious—enough if it swings along easily to a simple melody, and introduces the name in a happy manner. The lines below are not intended to be actually adopted, but merely serve to illustrate the idea:

G. Y. Chown's
Gone out of town;
When will he return?
No one knows.
I suppose
We must live and learn.

Then, too, there is room for the introduction of songs of more martial note, which will give a tone and dig-

nity to our song-book. These will make a greater demand on the powers of the Glee Club, but, with confidence we may say that their powers will be equal to the strain. Below is given an example of the style of composition referred to. It is, as one can see, elevated in tone, with a somewhat, if we may say so, Miltonic austerity and grandeur, which nevertheless would sound well "rolled out strong and great against the sky."

Who are the brave and true
Men of Queen's?
Who are they?
 Say, oh say!
Are they the skillful and few
Who in sports,
Through downs and ups
Win the cups?
 No, not these!

Then say if the brave men be
Those selects,
Top of lists,
 Medallists,
Whom all the world can see?
Men of lore,
Are these not great,
High in estate?
 No, not these!

These are the brave and the true
Men of Queen's,
Those who take
 For her sake
Offices with hard work to do.
Thankless tasks,
No chance for fame,
Winning a name—
 Honor to these!

One can easily see what an addition a song of that calibre would make to the song-book. Especially, if it were

supplemented by one in a lighter vein such as this, for instance:

"Oh to see the lads and lasses
In the Final Honor Classes,
Is to sometimes see a very sorry
 sight,
For their numbers never tally,
Sixteen Sams and one poor Sally—
Poor, poor Sally, what a very dread-
 ful plight!"

Another verse might be composed for the case where the Sallys are in the majority—something jaunty and in the style of the verse submitted.

We make one more observation, that the verses must not be written in too classic a style, if they are to win favor with the sporting element in the University. Here is a sample of stirring rhythm, fresh and breezy, sure to be popular :

The campus is the place to kick
 The football, and to shout.
The campus is the place to turn
 Umbrellas inside out.
The campus is a lovely place
 To ambulate about.
It really is the only place
 We cannot do without.
We have new buildings growing
 Over all the ground.
There'll be no campus showing
 Anywhere around.
In poverty we had the grounds,
 Grown wealthy we'll have none,
We're going to be learned,
 But we won't have any fun,
Which is best
 To be poor or rich?
Well, I'm blest
 If I know which.

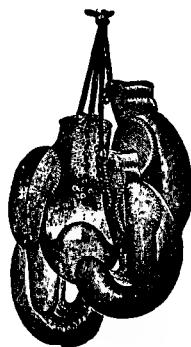
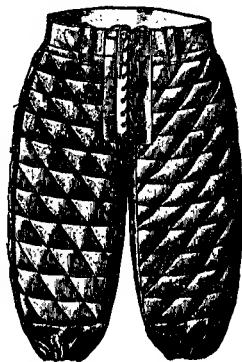
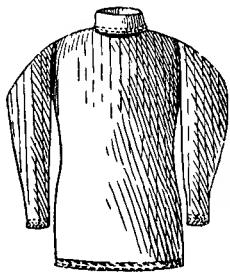
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Educational Department Calendar

December, 1901.

25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Wednesday). High School Treasurer to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements.
New Schools and alterations of School boundaries go into operation or take effect.
By-law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect.
26. Annual meetings of Public and Separate Schools.
30. Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department due.
Reports of Boards of Examiners on Third Class Professional Examinations, to Department, due.
31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspector names and attendance during the last preceding six months.
Trustees' Reports to Truant Officer due.
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees.

January, 1902.

21. Provincial Normal Schools open (First Session). (3rd Tuesday in January.)
28. Appointment of High School Trustees by County Councils. (4th Tuesday in January.)

February.

5. First meeting of High School Boards and Boards of Education. (1st Wednesday in February.)

March.

1. Inspectors' Annual Report to Department, due. (On or before 1st March.)
Annual Reports from High School Boards to Department, due. This includes the Financial Statement. (On or before 1st March.)
Financial Statement of Teachers' Associations to Department, due. (On or before 1st March.)
Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerk. (On or before March 1st.)
27. High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close. (Thursday before Easter Sunday.)
28. GOOD FRIDAY.
31. EASTER MONDAY.
Night Schools close (session 1901-1902.) (Close 31st March.)

April.

1. Annual meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto. (During Easter Vacation.)
Returns by Clerks of Counties, Cities, etc., of population to Department, due. (On or before 1st April.)

N.B.—Departmental Examination Papers for past years may be obtained from the Carswell Publishing Company, No. 30, Adelaide Street E., Toronto.



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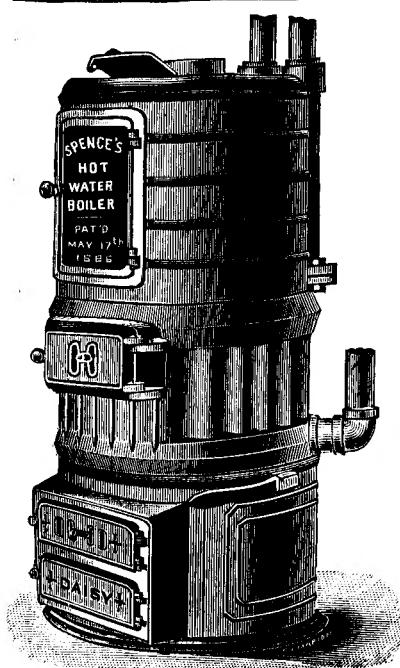
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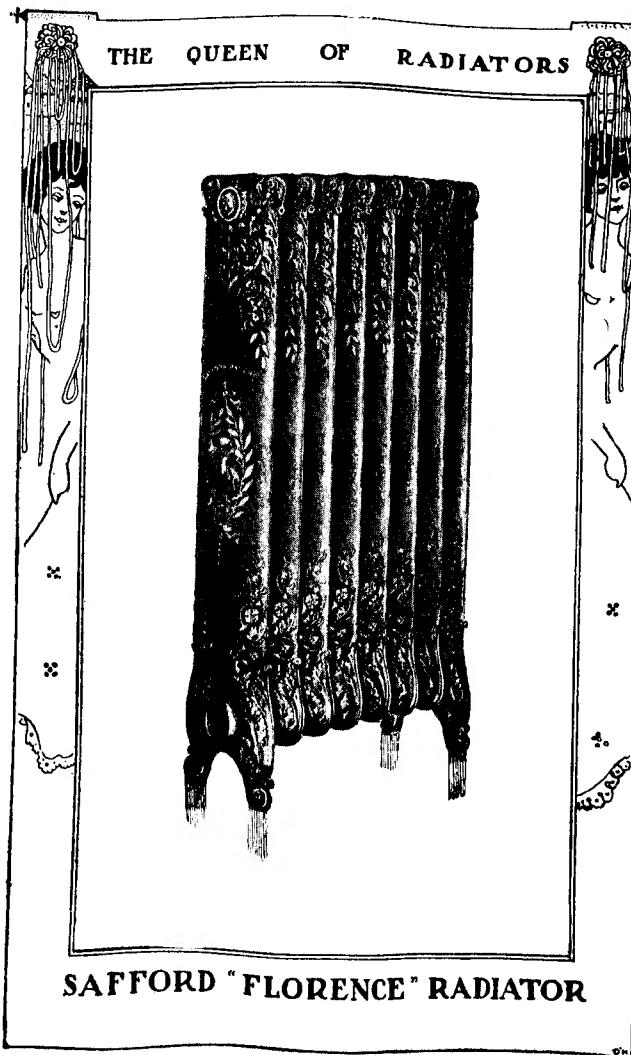
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